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MASSACHUSETTS IN THE CIVIL WAR.

By Thomas S. Townsend.

(The illustrations accompanying this article are chiefly from war-time photographs.)



WHEN we consider the multitudinous incidents of the decade between 1860 and 1870, and reflect upon the vast variety of important and exciting subjects included in the history of our civil war, it may not be an exaggeration to say that the events of that decade alone comprise more material for American history interesting to mankind than all that is recorded of the transactions of the previous two hundred and forty years. It was a period like that covered by some great tragedy into which were crowded the events of centuries. We can appreciate far better now than ever before the foresight of Major Theodore Winthrop, whose patriotic spirit uttered a hope in his last hours that his countrymen would keep a careful record of passing events for the instruction of future ages. But neither Winthrop nor any other of the far-seeing men of that day could then have formed any adequate conception of the long duration, vast proportions and far-reaching consequences of the warfare thus forced upon us in national self-defence — hostilities

that cost the old Bay State alone the lives of fourteen thousand of her sons killed or mortally wounded during the war, and an expenditure of \$30,000,000. We all know with what honest pride the descendants of our Revolutionary ancestry glory in the services rendered by their forefathers in establishing our national independence. The example of Trinity Church in New York City in some degree exemplifies this praiseworthy feeling. That corporation has, within a few years, deemed it due to a patriotic ancestry to erect a noble monument in the most conspicuous portion of Broadway to commemorate the services and sufferings of the eleven thousand Revolutionary patriots who perished miserably in military prisons in that city. More than four times as many of our gallant volunteers (out of two hundred thousand who were prisoners during the war) perished in the prison pens of Andersonville and Libby, Saugbory and Belle Isle. Of this number, eight hundred Massachusetts soldiers lie buried under the pines around that little village of Andersonville in Northern Georgia.

Never before had the government been thrown upon an administration in such total wreck and ruin. It was as if a fleet cast ashore in a storm, beaten upon by the waves and dismantled by the winds,

A TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

By John P. Ritter.

THE year 1843 was memorable throughout New England as a period of great religious excitement. The prophecies of William Miller and his disciples that the second coming of the Messiah was near at hand had found a multitude of believers, and in many localities secular occupations were wholly neglected, the people giving themselves up day and night to penitential psalms and prayer and trembling expectation.

Among the green hills of Vermont, in the township of Marlboro, a little band of these earnest enthusiasts had gathered together upon the banks of the Branch — a mill stream then famous for its trout — where they lived in tents, like the patriarchs of old, praying, fasting and exhorting each other to prepare for the impending dread event. From the rising to the setting of the sun the hills around echoed to their singing. The farmers, urging their toiling teams along the neighboring roads, would become grave and thoughtful as the solemn chorus floated by them on the wind; for they were for the most part simple-minded men, who could not but be impressed by the earnestness of the singers.

On Sundays they would drive into the camp with their wives and children, not to join in the religious exercises of the occasion, but to look on curiously at the scenes enacted there. It was universally conceded that there never had been in all that neighborhood a camp meeting to equal it; such heartfelt praying, such eloquent exhorting and such spontaneous, exultant singing had never been heard before. Many a hardened sinner, who had come there to indulge a scoffing curiosity, received the gift of grace and became converted. The tents along the borders of the grassy stream, which at first were but ten in number, soon increased to fifteen, to twenty, to twenty-five, until the camp finally assumed the

proportions of a fair-sized village. As the summer advanced the conversions became more and more numerous. Half the community seemed to have suddenly awakened to a realization of their sins and to the necessity of preparing for the judgment day.

Old Jack Blanchard's girl Melissa drove into the camp one Sunday afternoon from Sodom. This was the name bestowed upon a cluster of farmhouses down in Mass Hollow, because the families living in them worked in the fields on the Lord's Day. Melissa entered the grounds in company with Mather Dunklee, a young Sodomite whom she had promised to marry. But they had not come there to worship. They had come rather as Philistines, prepared to scoff and jeer at every demonstration of religious ecstasy made by the chosen of God.

They found a considerable number of people assembled. The farmers from far and near had driven to the camp to hear the teachings of the strange new sect which had been making so many converts among them, and the fields bordering the enclosure were dotted with their teams. With their wives and little ones they strolled among the tents, peering in curiously at those which were open to see how their occupants were engaged. The door of one was completely blocked by a chattering, laughing throng, and Melissa vainly tried to catch a glimpse through the sea of heads of what was going on inside.

"Give me a boost, Mather," she said. "I can't see through these folk's backs."

Her lover lifted her clear off the ground, and she then saw what occasioned so much merriment in those around her. Kneeling upon the bare ground was an old, gray-haired man, his hands clasped, his wrinkled face uplifted beseechingly to heaven, while in a quavering voice he was calling upon God to

pardon his past iniquities, so that he might be numbered among the lambs at the fast approaching day of doom. At this spectacle she could not restrain a jeering laugh, for she recognized in the aged penitent a notoriously wicked Sodomite — Jonas Allen — whom she had known from infancy as the boon companion of her father in his drinking spells.

"The wretched hypocrite!" she exclaimed as her feet touched the ground again. "What do you think of it, Mather?" she continued, turning to her lover. "It's old Jonas Allen — that drunken old scamp who never opens his mouth but to curse — down on his knees, pulling a long face and praying to the God whose name he's never spoke but in vain. Bless me! if this ain't as good as a county fair!"

It was in this spirit that she soon afterward entered the big central tent where the Adventists were holding their services. Here several hundred people were packed together upon rude plank benches, facing a raised platform which was reserved for the active participants in the meeting. As she drew her lover down beside her on a bench near the door, she whispered: —

"Now, don't get converted, Mather; for I don't want a psalm-singing husband, if others do."

They sat there holding hands, after the manner of rustic lovers, for some time, criticising the various speakers in whispers, and tittering audibly when some emotional Adventist interpolated sonorous "Amens" into the prayers. At length a young man of distinguished appearance advanced to the front of the platform and commenced to harangue the audience. His figure was that of a typical New Englander, tall and angular, and his features were sharp in outline; but his clear blue eyes were those of a thoroughly sincere man, and their steadfast gaze compelled attention.

He began in low, distinct tones; but warming to his theme as he proceeded, his voice gradually increased in volume, until the tent shook with his eloquent appealings. He told his hearers that the faith of the Adventists was founded upon the word of God, upon the prophecies proclaimed in the Bible. He demon-

strated that recent events in the world's history pointed convincingly to the speedy fulfilment of those prophecies. He endeavored to impress upon the minds of all present the urgent necessity of preparing for the Messiah's coming; and in the course of his pleadings he recited a story which aroused all the dormant susceptibilities for good in Melissa's wayward nature.

"I had a good Christian mother," he said. "She did all that such a mother could do to instil into my heart a love of religion. Over my childhood she exercised an angel's influence; but as I grew to manhood and began serving my apprenticeship in the world, I forgot her teachings and entered upon a career of vanity and wickedness."

At this point Mather bent his head toward his sweetheart to make some jesting remark; but she motioned him to silence. She was all attention now.

"Oh, how she bore with me! how she prayed for me!" continued the speaker. "But I laughed at her solicitude and made light of her prayers. Suddenly she was called to appear before the judgment seat of God. But she had watched and waited every day of her life for her Master's coming; and the summons of the dread archangel found her ready. As I stood bowed down by sorrow at the side of her coffin, I cried aloud in the anguish of my soul, 'Why did not God take me instead of her?' Conscience gave back the answer: 'Miserable man! If thou hadst been taken, who could have answered for thy salvation?' Yes! Then I realized how utterly unfit I was to die. God had taken home the saint and in his infinite mercy had spared the sinner. And, brethren, he is sparing you. He is giving you each and all a merciful chance to make ready against his coming. I implore you, as you love your own souls, as you hope to meet again the loved ones gone before, not to throw it away. Even now, while I speak, the fateful judgment trump may sound, and the heavens open, and God in his wrath descend to cast you into outer darkness."

The preacher now broke forth into the most passionate entreaties that all there present who were walking in the paths of

wickedness would repent before it was too late. His utterances were interrupted by frequent sobs from different parts of the audience. Men and women were seen to fall upon their knees, swaying back and forth with the violence of their emotions. Suddenly he stopped speaking, and, in the momentary silence that followed, a pleading little voice was heard to cry out somewhere near the door of the tent: —

“Lord Jesus, have mercy upon poor me, a sinner!”

It was Melissa. She was now upon her knees on the ground, her dark head bowed between her hands, convulsive sobs shaking her slight frame — a perfect picture of desolation and despair. Her lover kept his place upon the bench from which she had slid, with a scowl upon his brow; for somehow he felt that Melissa was drawing away from him, — that she was already far removed.

The speaker, in referring to his mother, had touched a responsive chord in the young girl's heart; for she too had had a loving, Christian mother who had watched over her girlhood with the tenderest care. She too had grown up to be neglectful of that mother's teachings. She could see that pale, suffering face just as it lay in the coffin. How reproachful, yet how forgiving, was its expression! She remembered how at that time she had prayed that death might take her also. Then came the preacher's terror-inspiring words, “If thou hadst been taken, who could have answered for thy salvation?” They made her shudder with a realizing sense of her great unworthiness. But God had spared her. There might be a chance yet for her to repent and amend her ways; and in the anguish of her heart she had cried aloud for mercy.

It was a clear, cool Sunday morning early in September. The bell of the Congregationalist meeting-house in Marlboro town rang out sharply on the crisp air, and the roads leading toward it from north, east, south and west were dotted with the wagons of the country folk who, dressed in their best apparel, were going in to service.

Those who passed through Sodom on their way might have seen a coarse-featured, red-faced man, whose shaggy beard and unkempt hair fell upon his breast and shoulders, sitting in the doorway of a small, weather-stained farmhouse, smoking a short-stemmed pipe. Old Jack Blanchard — for it was he — was one of that class to be found in every farming community, who are content to till their land for the bare subsistence that it can afford them, having no ambition beyond. He was industrious by fits and starts, when it was necessary for him to be so. When it was not, he devoted himself with great assiduity to the task of emptying the cider kegs in his cellar; and old Jack took particular care that his cellar was always plentifully stocked with this invigorating liquor. When his wife was alive, he was not quite the worthless character he had latterly become. She had been an industrious woman with a will of her own, and her husband had entertained a wholesome respect for her. He had been forced into the fields because she would not tolerate his presence in the house; but since her death he had been free to do as he pleased. He raised a few potatoes, a little corn, and a hog or two each year, stored sufficient hay in his rickety barn to keep a horse alive, and could boast of a solitary cow. The only product of his farm in which he took any particular interest was the crop which his apple orchard brought forth. This he carefully gathered, to the smallest fruit, and carted to the nearest cider mill to have made into the inspiring liquor which he loved so much. His daughter Melissa now kept house for him; and as she was of a timid, gentle nature, he bullied her as he pleased.

As he sat gazing upon the sunny fields on this particular Sunday morning, the thought occurred to him that if he wished to save his scanty crop of corn from the frost which might ruin it now at any time, he had better begin harvesting it at once. So, knocking the ashes from his pipe, he rose and entered the house. He had been drinking very heavily of late, and was in a surly mood. Moreover he was much put out at the thought of the hard work that was before him. Going to the

foot of the steep ladder of boards that served as a stairway to the attic above, he called out hoarsely : —

"M'lissa! M'lissa!"

"What is it, father?" answered the girl.

"Put on yer hat, and come along with me. I'm goin' to stook the corn."

Melissa made no reply to this; but presently she came down the ladder arrayed in her best apparel. Her gown was perfectly plain, and over her shoulders was thrown a fringed shawl. Her deep brown eyes looked out soberly from the frame of a poke-shaped bonnet, and her dark hair was parted in the middle and smoothed down tightly on both sides of her forehead. In her hands she carried a pair of white cotton mitts and a Bible which had been her mother's. Her father looked her over slowly from head to foot, and then exclaimed : —

"Yer ain't goin' to stook corn in sich a rig as thot, be ye?"

"No, father," she answered quietly; "I'm going to camp meeting."

"Oh, yer be, hey?"

It was all that he could give utterance to for some moments; for he was completely taken aback by the girl's serene manner and the look of quiet determination upon her face. Never before had she shown the least desire to go against his commands. He could not understand the sudden change that had come over her. At first he was merely astonished; but this feeling quickly gave way to rage.

"Come," he said, seizing her arm roughly and shaking her, "off with yer fine feathers and make ready to work!"

The girl laid her hand beseechingly upon his shoulder, and fixed upon his face a look full of tenderness.

"Oh, father!" she said, "do not ask me to work to-day, for I cannot. It is wicked. You always allowed dear mother to go to meeting on the Sabbath. Then let me go too. I will work all the harder to-morrow." But he would not listen to her. He pushed her from him rudely and stood gazing at her fiercely.

"Ye heard what I said?"

"Yes, father."

"Then do it at once."

Melissa said never a word, but, drawing her shawl tightly around her, moved resolutely toward the door.

"Do you dare to disobey me?" cried the enraged man.

"I will dare to do the right," answered the girl, with a look full of heroic resolution.

Old Jack sprang upon her like an angry panther. He tore the bonnet from her head and the shawl from her back, and flung them into a corner. Then in a perfect delirium of fury he rained blow after blow upon her defenceless shoulders. The poor girl struggled to free herself from his grasp, and shrieked with pain. Her cries reached the ear of Clem Marshall, a near neighbor, and his vigorous rappings were quickly heard at the kitchen door. He well knew what was going on inside. It was no unusual occurrence for old Jack Blanchard to abuse his daughter when in his cups, and Clem had often interfered in the girl's behalf. As he held a mortgage on old Jack's farm, he possessed a controlling influence over the man which he sometimes employed to good purposes. On hearing his hard knocking, the brutal father released his hold on the girl, and sullenly opened the door. His neighbor strode fiercely in and glanced around. Melissa, who had sunk into a chair, turned a look upon him so full of anguish that it moved his heart to pity.

"Damn ye, Jack Blanchard!" he blurted savagely, "ye've been lickin' yer darter agin!"

"Wal, she's my gal, ain't she?"

"Your gal or not, there's been enough on it. What's he been doin' it fer?" He addressed Melissa, but she made no reply.

"She's took up with them camp-meetin' folks on the Branch," put in Jack. "She was fer goin' thar agin my wishes to-day. That's what I licked her fer."

Clem cast one wrathful look upon the coward, and then turned to the girl.

"Melissa," he said, "us folks down here in Sodom don't go to meetin' on the Lord's Day; but 'tain't because we're any too good. Jest put on yer duds and start along."

Old Jack was dumb. Melissa put on her shawl and bonnet, and left the house. It

was a good five miles to the camp of the Adventists; but she was accustomed to long walks, and gave no thought to the distance. Nor did she brood much over the cruel treatment she had received from her father. Her mind was filled with much loftier thoughts; and as she trudged along, her tear-stained face gradually assumed an exalted expression. She forgot all her past and present sufferings; for her heart was overflowing with a strange delight. There was a light in her face like that of the old Christian martyrs.

As she passed through Marlboro town, she heard the people assembled in the Congregational meeting-house singing a hymn, and she wondered why it was that such earnest Christians should scoff at the religious community to which she belonged. Her own faith in the teachings of the Adventists was so simple and entire, that she could not understand how any Christian could doubt them.

While sitting in the big tent that morning listening to the thundering exhortations of a famous preacher from New Hampshire, she became uncomfortably conscious of a pair of eyes fixed intently upon her. Turning her head slightly to see whose the eyes might be, she caught a glimpse of a thin, sun-browned face—the face of Mather Dunklee. There was an anxious, pleading expression in his dark eyes which struck home to her heart. Although she still loved him devotedly, she had felt it her duty to avoid him of late, because he scoffed at her conversion and did everything in his power to distract her mind from the thought of the impending day of doom in which she so confidently believed. She had tried to bring him to her own way of thinking, but in vain; and fearing that she might be led through his influence to return to her former vain and sinful life, she had ceased all intercourse with him. And now he had followed her here. She determined not to let his presence interfere with her devotions; but, try as she would, she could not drive him from her thoughts.

At the conclusion of the service she left the camp and started to walk home; but she had not gone far when she heard some one following rapidly behind as if

to overtake her. Turning, she found herself face to face with her lover. Although she was greatly agitated, she managed to conceal her emotions, and forcing a smile to her lips, said pleasantly:—

“Good day to you, Mather.”

“Thought I’d walk home with you if you didn’t mind,” replied the young man curtly.

They strolled on side by side for some distance without speaking. Melissa could see that Mather was suffering keenly, and knew that it was on her account. Yet what could she say to help him? Finally he spoke.

“Do you think you’ve been treating me right, Melissa?” She did not know what to say, and was silent. “It’s come to this,” he continued in a trembling voice,—“either you mean to throw me over, or you don’t—which is it?”

Melissa took his rough hands in hers and looked into his face with an expression of the deepest affection.

“Throw you over, Mather?” she said. “Never.”

“Why then have you acted as you have?”

“Because I know that our hopes in this world can come to nothing. Because I feel it is wicked to think of earthly love when the kingdom of heaven is so near. O Mather!” she continued appealingly, “if I only could make you believe as I do!”

A gleam of hope lit up the young man’s eyes. “And if I should get converted and join the camp-meetin’ folks down yonder—would you consent to marry me then?”

“Nothing could make me happier than to have you become a good Christian man, Mather,” she answered earnestly; “but marry you I never can. ’Tis sinful to think of such a thing now.”

“Then you positively refuse to marry me?” he asked hoarsely.

“We should not talk of marriage when the kingdom of God is at hand.”

Mather Dunklee possessed but ordinary powers of penetration. He did not have the insight to perceive that a simple mind can easily be persuaded to pin its faith upon the most extravagant things, and that that faith, quite apart from its

object, may be sublime. Wholly unconscious of the great love she bore him, he regarded Melissa's scruples as mere cant.

"Well, Miss Hypocrite," he said bitterly, "I am glad I have found you out. You didn't want a psalm-singing husband a few weeks ago; but now I can recommend one to your taste. There's old Jonas Allen; he'll do for you." He turned angrily and left her, while with quivering lip she watched him.

The twenty-second of October was the day fixed upon by the Adventists when the Messiah would certainly descend to judge the world. The sun rose that morning on a wonderful scene in the little camp on the Branch. The true believers walked among the tents, clad in white ascension robes, ready to be caught up into the sky when their happy fate had been pronounced by the expected Judge. Some moved about with their eyes fixed upon the ground, calling upon God to remember them in his mercy; some turned their gaze heavenward, as if on the look for celestial appearances; while others joined together in singing triumphal hymns with an enthusiasm born of absolute faith. Fear and expectancy were depicted upon every face; and to such a tension had the nerves of all been stretched, that if but a fowling piece had been discharged among the surrounding hills, they would have fallen in a body upon their knees, thinking it a trumpet of an archangel. As the morning advanced, the slopes around the camp became crowded with spectators. They hung upon the confines of the enclosure like clouds about the moon, their secular dress and profane behavior being in marked contrast to the snowy raiment and saintly demeanor of those within the sacred precincts. Verily the lambs were already set apart from the goats in anticipation of the approaching judgment.

At an early hour of that portentous day Melissa arose from the bed on which she had passed an anxious, sleepless night, and threw open the window of her little room. The sun had not yet arisen, but the eastern horizon was streaked with light, indicating that it would soon appear above the mountain tops. She gazed long and earnestly at the silent landscape

stretched before her, like one taking a parting view of a dear, familiar scene. Then she turned with a sigh to a small chest of drawers which stood in a corner and took from it a parcel carefully wrapped in muslin. She removed the covering, revealing a snow-white garment of the finest texture. Holding it up at arm's length, it fell in graceful folds to her feet. A tender light filled her eyes as she arranged its simple draperies; for it was the robe in which she expected to enter the gates of heaven that day. She had sacrificed all her worldly possessions to purchase it, and had secretly fashioned it with her own hands, — at night, while her father slept, — so that every stitch represented a part of her expiation for the past. How exalted had been her meditations during those silent hours! How her faith in the Messiah's coming had increased!

Melissa made her toilet deliberately, like one preparing for some great occasion, and when it was finished she approached her looking-glass. It was not done in vanity, but with fear and trembling; for she wished to know how she would appear before her God. She saw a slender, white-robed figure, and a sweet face, upon which was an expression of the most exalted faith. As she turned away from the glass, a sharp pain darted through her body, and she gasped for breath. Objects swam before her eyes, and she was obliged to sit upon the edge of the bed to keep from falling. But she quickly recovered from this faintness and, throwing a shawl over her shoulders, stole out of the house, not forgetting to take her mother's thumb-worn Bible.

As she entered the road leading toward Marlboro town, the sun peeped over the eastern hills, glorifying the autumnal foliage with a golden light. It was one of those transparent mornings when nature assumes a spiritual aspect and the earth and sky glow with hues which seem borrowed from heaven. It appeared to Melissa's overwrought imagination that the Spirit of God was brooding over the landscape; and she thought of the hour, now so imminent, when he would appear in his unveiled majesty.

"It will be all over soon," she murmured, while a joyous smile illumined her

features. "No more pain, no more sorrow, but an endless eternity of bliss."

A gray squirrel ran across her path, and climbed nimbly up the trunk of an old beech tree just ahead.

"Oh, little friend," she thought, "you are laying up your winter store of nuts; but there will never be another season of cold and snow. The evil days are over."

Half a mile past Marlboro town she came to a small cemetery which crowned the summit of a barren hill. The weather-beaten tombstones and grassy mounds lay bare to the sun; for there was not a tree in all the place to cast a shadow upon the graves. Climbing over the low stone wall which enclosed them, she made her way slowly through the tall, rank weeds which grew upon the neglected paths, until she came to a small wooden cross which stood apart from the other tombs. It rose from the sod slantwise, and on the transverse piece was rudely carved the word "Mother." By the side of this humble monument she sat down and, opening the Bible which she had brought with her, prepared to wait patiently the expected coming of her Master.

Old Jack Blanchard drove down to the neighboring town of Brattleboro that morning to make a few purchases. He arrived back in Sodom some time after dark, and now stood by the side of his foam-flecked horse, talking and gesticulating wildly to a group of excited neighbors. It could be seen, by the light of the lanterns which they carried, that his face was ghastly pale and that his gaunt frame shook with nervous tremors.

"I seen my dead wife as I druv past the graveyard t'other side o' Marlboro town to-night," he whispered hoarsely. "I seen her standin' by the side o' her grave as plain as I see Clem Marshall yonder."

"Bosh!" exclaimed that doubting individual scornfully. "You've been drinkin' agin, neighbor Jack — thot's what ails ye."

"Would to God it were the truth ye're speakin'!" rejoined Jack fearfully; "but I'm sober enough — all on ye can see." Then in tones that sent cold chills through his hearers he went on: "She wur dressed

in her shroud — the very same as she wore in her coffin!"

"If ye'd treated her decent when she wur alive," exclaimed Clem, "yer conscience wouldn't be conjurin' up her ghost now!" Then in compassion he led the terrified man to his own house, where he repeated his uncanny story to the shuddering women gathered there.

Among those who had heard the story at first was Mather Dunklee. He had been to the Adventists' camp that day, hoping to find Melissa there; for notwithstanding the unsatisfactory termination of their last interview, he was not without hope of yet gaining her consent to become his wife. "When she finds out that the camp-meeting folks have been deceiving her," he argued, "she may be glad enough to come back to me."

He remained near the tents until after dark, without catching a glimpse of Melissa among the white-robed Adventists, and then returned to Sodom, hoping to find her at her father's house. He found it closed, and not a sound was heard in answer to his repeated knockings. He was in the act of turning away, disappointed and perplexed, when old Jack came dashing up to the door with a clatter which brought all his neighbors to the spot. After listening to the old man's story, Mather hurried home to procure a lantern; then he started on foot for the cemetery. He was convinced that the story was in part true — that the old man had actually seen a ghostly figure, but that that figure was Melissa's. It flashed upon him now that, instead of resorting to the Adventists' camp, the girl had gone to await by her mother's grave the fulfilment of the prophecy to which she had given such unquestioning faith.

As he hastened along the murky road, his heart beat with hope. He felt that Melissa might yet be his; for the long-expected judgment day had passed, and the promises of the Adventists had proven false.

Suddenly a brilliant meteor flashed across the sky, illumining the hills around with a momentary splendor. Then all was darkness again. The young man halted, shocked and terrified. If an

angel of light had swept over the sky to herald the coming of Jehovah, he could not have been affected more. It was some moments before his courage returned sufficiently to enable him to go on. As he approached the cemetery, an indefinable dread crept over him. He had no fear of encountering the ghosts of the departed walking among the tombs; but he felt a vague intuition that something of an unusual and terrible nature had occurred. Entering among the mounds, he called in a subdued voice Melissa's name. There was no response. With a wildly beating heart he made his way toward the spot where he knew that a wooden cross marked the solitary grave. The stars shone down upon the little city of the dead; but their light was not sufficient to dispel the sombre shadows which encompassed him. Whenever his lantern gleamed upon a marble tablet, he

started back affrighted; for its uncertain rays seemed to fall upon a ghost. Melissa's mother's grave lay in a remote part of the cemetery, and as Mather drew near it, he distinguished a white object lying across the mound. For an instant his heart stopped beating, and he almost fell. Then with trembling strides he reached the spot where it lay and, falling upon his knees, grasped it in his arms.

"Melissa, darling! Wake, Melissa! Wake!" But as the light of his lantern fell upon the girl's pale features, upon which death had fixed an expression of supremest triumph, he moaned in anguish:—

"My God! She is dead—she is dead!"

She had never faltered in her faith that the Messiah would come that day; and he had come—for her.



INDECISION.

By Charlotte Mellen Packard.

THE barrier of a selfish doubt
Held these two lives apart;
The guile of an unspoken word
Consumed a patient heart.

Had but the waiting hands been joined,
The hovering secret told,
Perchance one had not died alone,
Nor one, alone, grown old.

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